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POLITENESS TOWARDS OUR SERVANTS.

(FROM THE FRENCH).

I SPOKE to my friend Roger about the approaching marriage of my domestic, and remarked that I must look out for one to supply her place. He proposed to me a servant who had become free by the death of Count Farel. The Count was a philosopher of the Rousseau school; a little eccentric, but given to the practice of all great virtues. Those who laughed at his ideas never met him without raising their hats to him. His valet had been formed by him, and was also, it was said, a philosopher, a great reader in his leisure moments, and able to talk like a lawyer.

Roger, who knew him, proposed to send him to me; and at the appointed hour he arrived. He was a small man, neat and formal. He wiped his feet three times before he crossed the threshold of my study, bowed, and announced himself as Mr. Baptist.

I looked at him with some hesitation, and inquired, "Are you the person whom my friend Roger has sent?"

"The same, sir."

"You have served Count Farel?"

"During sixteen years."

"You are in search of a place?"

"And I have heard that you have one, sir."

"Let us talk together—Mr. Baptist."

"I came for that purpose, sir."

And as he perceived that I forgot to offer him a seat, he took one of the most modest, and waited for me to question him.

I asked him concerning what he knew how to do, and he answered concisely, without any boasting, in a manner, that convinced me he would be satisfactory in all respects. The plain arrangements of my household did not repel him, and he

agreed to moderate wages. I thought there was no need of further investigation, and I said, "It is all settled. I will engage you, Baptist."

"Mr. Baptist, if you please sir," he replied, gravely.

I looked at him, and said, "You suppose then I did not omit that word from forgetfulness!"

"I presume it was not from forgetfulness, because I shall never forget to use it when speaking to you, sir."

I could not help smiling.

"That appears singular to you, sir," he said quietly; "but I have my reasons."

"And may I, without offence, inquire what they are, Mr. Baptist?"

"Certainly, if you are interested to know them, sir."

"I am much interested."

"Very well, sir. My reason is that I believe language has a great influence on our habits; and that too great familiarity in the manner of speaking leads to a want of proper respect."

"Is that your own idea, Mr. Baptist?"

"No, sir. I learned it from Count Farel. He was, as perhaps you know, sir, a true philosopher. But my own small experience has confirmed the justice of his remark."

"I agree with you in this opinion, Mr. Baptist."

"That is an honour to me, sir, and a pleasure."

"I see that you have principles."

"That is to say, sir, the Count led me to reflect upon the relative positions of masters and domestics."

"And what is your conclusion about it?"

"That degrading one class corrupts the other."

"Those are big words, Mr. Baptist."

"Not bigger than the things, sir. In domestic servitude generally it appears as

if the master only had rights, and the servant nothing but duties ; and the result is a tendency to abuse of power on one side, and to revolt on the other."

"And what remedy do you see for that, Mr. Baptist?"

"The Count made me comprehend that there is but one remedy, sir ; and that is mutual respect. When orders are given with politeness, there is nothing distasteful in obedience. I had not reflected upon this before ; I had merely found it hard to submit. To an old man, like me, servitude seems humiliating ; but the Count has taught me a method to dignify it."

"And how is that?"

"To be more requiring of respect than of wages, sir ; and to render my services so useful, that there will be unwillingness to part with them. To a man whose hair is growing white it is not satisfactory to be merely a servant ; it is necessary for him to defend his dignity."

"You are right !" I exclaimed. "Pardon me for having smiled just now. You have made me see, for the first time, old age noble in a livery. I am only afraid that you will not find many masters like the Count."

"I know it, sir. He was considered an original !"

"You might say crack-brained."

"Perhaps so, sir ; but as people told me that you somewhat resembled him—"

I interrupted him with a laugh. "Upon my soul, you do me too much honour ; I will try, however, not to fall in your opinion. But what if I should sometimes inadvertently wound your feelings?"

"I will warn you of it, sir."

"So be it. Good-bye, for the present, Mr. Baptist."

"I have the honour to salute you, sir." And he bowed as gravely as an ambassador retiring from an audience.

Decidedly I will try this Mr. Baptist. It will be a means of improving myself. Generally, our domestics are altogether servile to our whims, or become the victims of them ; I am curious to have one who will frankly constitute himself a judge of them. If he does not serve me, he will at least educate me ; and education ought never to be finished this side of the grave.

He entered into my service the next day, and proved as exact in the discharge of his duties as he was exacting with regard to

forms. We became accustomed to each other, and life went on in its old train. He had been with me some time, when one morning I in vain waited for him, and when he entered my room, much later than usual, his face was very pale. I hastily inquired what was the matter.

"I don't know, sir," he replied ; yesterday I did not feel quite well, and to-day I am really ill."

"You must see a doctor," said I.

"That is my intention, sir, but as you cannot be left alone, I have spoken to Madam René, who has promised to come and take my place."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said I ; "but think, in the first place, of taking care of yourself."

"I have thought about it, sir ; and I have come to bid you good-bye, sir."

"Why, where are you going?"

"To the hospital, sir."

"To the hospital !" I exclaimed. "Do you suppose I will allow you to go there?"

"It must be so, sir ; I have here no relatives, and no house."

"What, then, is the place where you now are?"

"It is your dwelling, sir."

"It is ours," I replied. "No domestic of mine, who can be taken care of under this roof, shall usurp the bed of a pauper at the hospital."

He bowed and said, "You are very good, sir, but I cannot accept your kind offer."

"Why not?" I asked, in a tone of surprise.

He seemed embarrassed, and after some hesitation, said, "Excuse me, sir ; it is an idea of mine to prefer the hospital."

"Are you afraid of being badly cared for here?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What, then, is it? Explain yourself," I said, somewhat impatiently.

He looked at me, and coloured. "I am fearful of offending you, sir, if I say it, but the truth is, I am not sufficiently acquainted with you to accept an obligation at your hands."

"I do not understand you," I rejoined.

"I mean, sir, that if you take care of me you will have a right to my gratitude."

"And would you be unwilling to be grateful?"

"It is not that, sir; but the Count was accustomed to say that gratitude was an account always open, and that debtor and creditor seldom agreed as to the amount due."

"That is to say, you are afraid I shall become too requiring."

"I am afraid of seeming ungrateful in your eyes, sir. That which would be satisfactory in a servant might not seem sufficient from a person who was under obligations."

"I understand you, Mr. Baptist," said I, a little piqued. "You are not sure enough of me to allow me to render you a service."

"Exactly so, sir," he replied, with the utmost simplicity. "The Count was accustomed to say that favours should never be accepted without one was certain of the power to repay them with gratitude."

"But did he never say to you, also, that every one ought to be permitted to perform his own duties?"

"Without doubt, sir."

"Very well. It is my duty to take care of a servant when he is sick whom I hired when he was well. I have had the benefit of your strength, and it is simple justice that I should submit to the inconvenience of your infirmities. But permit me to express the hope that, until you have time to know me better, you will give me credit for some humanity and some disinterestedness."

He tried to excuse himself, but I said, "Don't let us talk any more about it at present. You are looking very ill, and you must go to bed."

His steps were uncertain, and his eyes were glassy. I took his arm within mine to lead him to his garret. A doctor was sent for. I saw that the medicines he ordered were suitably prepared, and then I returned to the invalid. I had not been in the garret for a long time, and I was not aware how many things were wanting there. The chimney smoked, the windows closed badly, the brick floor was without mat or carpet, and the sun shone on the bed, for want of curtains. I did what I could to remedy these inconveniences. A stove was placed in the chimney, an old carpet was brought for the floor, and curtains for the windows. Mr. Baptist returned thanks for every new arrangement for his comfort. He made no complaint, and manifested no

impatience. He scrupulously observed the directions of the doctor, and seemed to treat his disease, as he did everything else, with scrupulous politeness, as if unwilling to dismiss it without the observance of due formalities.

This illness gave rise to serious reflections in my mind. I reproached myself for my negligence concerning the state of the garret. While we are adding to our own comforts every day, we leave our domestics exposed to a thousand inconveniences. We lodge them in garrets, furnished with refuse articles, and take no thought concerning their convenience or their tastes. For the mass of labourers life is doubtless harder than it is for them. But domestics have always under their eyes the comforts and luxuries in which their masters indulge, and from which they are excluded. They are thus constantly reminded of their own disinherited condition. And even of this they cannot be sure; they are liable any day to be dismissed. They live eternally like transient guests at a tavern, with nothing about them that they can call their own; only they are always serving instead of being served. Yet we complain that they are indifferent to economy in households in whose prosperity they have no share!

I had never thought of these things, as I did by the bedside of Mr. Baptist. He remained feeble for some weeks. But toward the close of March, when I went up to see him, I found him dressed and desirous to go down stairs. I led him down, and installed him in an easy-chair in my study, to which the sunshine gave a cheerful aspect, and where he could see the passers by. I placed some books before him, and my bird-organ; telling him he could amuse himself, if he liked, by giving my bird music-lessons. He looked at me as if he were deeply touched by these friendly attentions.

When I asked him if there was anything else he wished for, he replied, "Nothing, nothing; only I beg of you, sir, henceforth to call me only Baptist without the Mr."

"Wherefore do you wish that?" I asked, somewhat curiously.

"Because there is a change in the relation between you and me, sir."

This expressive avowal affected me. I pressed the hand of the old domestic, and thanked him.

RELIGION BEFOGGED.

It is an ordinary experience in London to be enveloped in a fog. Everything is then wrapped in mist. The most reckless driver is made wary in the street. Cautiously the foot-passenger feels his way, and frequently in streets as well known to a London person as his own home he is bewildered and lost for a time. At a crossing the greatest perplexity is felt; and we have known a cab so far miss the way that it returned the road it came with its freight. There is a dull and muffled sound of the carriages, &c., in the streets, not the usual sharp tramp and noise so well known in London. The gas lighted up everywhere, and the boys with torches, do little to relieve the darkness or the irritating effect of the fog, as it fills the rooms of the sick and the weak, and the discomfort is felt in every home. The most painful narratives come from the river, for some waterman is lost in every fog; and to hear a man splashing, and shouting, and dying at your side, and able to render no help, is dreadful, and never to be forgotten. No light avails you; the sun above pierces not the thick envelopment; all the host of heaven are defied by a London fog. Yet a few miles from the city and you are out into the sunshine; all nature is light and beauty; you feel in a different world after a few minutes' ride by rail. This we have more than once experienced, and blessed God for the sunshine, and blessed God for the breeze that has swept the city clear and clean of its fog, and restored all the citizens to their normal conditions.

On reflection we discover that mankind are befogged in more places than London, and in more ways than by a humid atmosphere. There is a mistiness in which the wicked and the deceitful involve themselves, so much so that they imagine they are keeping the whole world in darkness, while every person knows well their deceitful ways. They are the most blind who think others do not see. To all vicious and deceitful persons you may safely say, "befogged."

One thing that has often grieved us has been the fact that our beautiful, simple, holy and beneficent religion, so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool in other matters, need not err therein, is often presented in creeds and articles of human contrivance and contradiction, in a way

which may be justly called religion befogged—enveloped in words, and phrases, and illustrations which may be termed "confusion worse confounded." No man ever yet took in hand to explain and defend the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the Atonement, and Endless Punishment, but contradicted himself and outraged reason and common sense as he proceeded. Proofs of this are endless. Here is the light of Heaven dimmed by earth-born mists. Here is the water of life, clear as crystal, polluted by unholy streams. Speculations and mystic dreams have been incorporated with the teaching of the Son of God; and earthly and political tribunals called upon to settle questions of religion, without the least reference to the teachings or spirit of the New Testament. Such exhibitions are continually before our law courts; and so in the pulpit, and the law court, and the religious books, to the inquirer—to him who would otherwise be the humble disciple of Christ—he discovers religion befogged. As a part of the Christian Church, we Unitarians have a twofold duty to perform—one is to create a current that will drive away those unwholesome fogs which have settled among the Churches. This must be done. Sunshine alone does not remove the cloud. But another method will greatly help on the regeneration of the Church, and that is to take kindly the hand of the bewildered one, lead him by the truths of the New Testament and your own humble, pure, and loving heart and life, into the sunshine of God.

SIR JOHN BOWRING ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I am much gratified by your notice of Major Cartwright, to whom no adequate justice has hitherto been done. As one of the few living friends and associates of this good man—one of the steadiest supporters of advanced political and religious reforms—it is a pleasing privilege for me to remember his many deservings. I never knew a man with so weak a voice and so resolute a will. I have volumes of his correspondence—especially with Jeremy Bentham, who was the special object of the Major's veneration, and the great authority to whom he constantly referred. Many of his letters are published in my "Memoirs of Bentham,"

and they exhibit his intense hatred of oppression and his sympathy with the oppressed of all nations. The contrast between the secluded philosopher and the bold and busy politician is remarkable. When the settlers from New South Wales in 1811 came to represent their grievances and the abuse of our officials, the Government, as was its wont in those days, "set their faces against any inquiry," and dismissed contemptuously the men who had come from the antipodes in order to obtain redress for their wrongs. Cartwright was their adviser. In those days Sir Francis Burdett, who in one of his letters says "he is the little wren mounted upon the wings of the great eagle," Bentham was the most prominent of popular advocates, and was moved in many of his patriotic displays by the order of the soldier and the wisdom of the jurist. Sir Charles Wolsby, one of the earliest sufferers in the cause of Parliamentary representation, was one of the guardians of Constitutional reform, appointed at a public meeting in Hackney, in 1821, with Cartwright and others. These reformers were then deemed so little worthy of note, and reform itself so weak, that an M.P. had the boldness to declare that "John Russell's louse would be cracked by the thumb of the Lord High Chancellor" Eldon. The letters bear the confidential address of "John to Jeremy," or "Jeremy to John." Another confederate was Dr. Parr, whose laudation of Bentham was somewhat hyperbolic. "In jurisprudence," says the Doctor to the Philosopher, "your wisdom sets you above all writers, ancient or modern. Your fame will be immortal, and your memory will be followed not only by the admiration, but the gratitude of all civilised nations and all ages. To my mind you are a sort of apostle, and I worship you. Posterity will say of Jeremy Bentham what Lucretius said of Epicurus—" *Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit et omniis Præstavit, Stellas exortus uti æthernis sol.*" Bentham could not be drawn from his hermitage into the bustle of political life, and he wrote to Cartwright, "The kingdom of reform is yours; I am not worthy to set a foot on it. Govern it in your own way." I have thought these reminiscences not uninteresting, and perhaps they will not be unacceptable to you.—Yours very truly,

JOHN BOWRING.

COMFORTING WOMEN.

COMFORT is a man's besetting weakness. A partiality for ease, quiet, and repose, is inherent in all of us, and we are not slow to see, however loth to acknowledge, any means of approximating to so celestial an end.

Some women seem to have an afflatus of comfort, which, like the fragrance of the musk, instils itself into every particle of the domestic atmosphere. Happy women! Happier home! The blissful gift they have received they are ever ready to lavish; and as the senseless clay assumes form, colour, beauty, almost life itself, from the artist's hands, so, under their management, the household is moulded into shape, order springs from chaos, and the wheels of home run smoothly, noiselessly, and without a flaw.

A comforting woman is discernible at a glance. She is not

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall;"

for she is neither tall nor short, stout nor thin; but her form partakes of the golden mean, both vertically and horizontally. Nor must she necessarily be in graceful proportion or hideous outline. She is neither a Venus nor a Harpy. Must she be young or old? She may be either. We have no Procrustean rule by which to measure the comforting woman. But there is a certain something which stamps her at once as peculiar. Just as fair Cytherea in Virgil is disclosed by her gait,

"And showed the goddess as she stepped;"

so, too, your comforting woman is recognised by the air of comfort she dispenses, whether her form be fair or foul, or her features graceful or ugly. In her case, all the ordinary criteria by which we judge women are thrown to the winds. In fact, were she surpassingly pretty, with the culture of a De Stael and the grace of a Recamier, possessing all the qualifications which generally make women objects of love and admiration, she would not come under our definition of a comforting woman. Her other more dazzling qualities would eclipse her humble virtue—comfortableness; and men would be entranced with her beauty, wit, and grace, rarely constant qualities, when it is comfort alone which is undying, like the sun, warming and regulating life.

Who has met a comforting woman and was insensible to her presence? If you

are sick, she does not alarm with gloomy prognostications, and stifle help by useless bustle and noise. Her orders, however quiet, are imperative; her movements, seemingly unconcerned, are cautious. Her gentle touch soothes the aching brow, and medicine from such a hand is doubly efficacious. She calculates to a wonderful nicety the sufferer's wants, and supplies his food and drink with a grace that is perfectly irresistible. Her sweet breath drives off the hot fever, and a kiss from her lips thrills the whole frame with dreamy happiness. Her look of sympathy is a world of comfort; while her hand, like a fairy wand, will calm the wildest paroxysms, and dismiss one to balmy sleep and pleasing dreams, whence he will awake refreshed, glorified, and restored, all through the wondrous power of the comforting woman!

Nor is it in sickness only that the comforting woman displays herself. In the trouble and turmoil of home-life, in the skilful discipline of the thousand and one discordant elements at her right hand and her left, she is in her proper sphere; and, like old father Neptune, who could calm the raging sea by a look, she, by her very presence, allays the fierce storm about her. A spoilt dinner, however vexatious, she excuses on the ground that it might be something worse. If her dress is badly ironed, she does not loudly condemn the awkward servant, but quietly admonishes her of her fault, and instructs her as to its remedy. If her husband is out of temper with a burnt chop, she will herself broil another; and, in a few minutes, the crisp, juicy meat, anointed with a sprig of parsley and radiant with gravy, will amply satisfy her irate half, and comfort will be his portion the rest of the day.

Of course the comforting woman has lesser virtues; she has tact, if not talent. Idleness is her abomination; for she is ever active, though never meddlesome. She is fond of talk, not of gossip. She detests scandal, for she likes to think well of everybody, and always looks on the bright side of things. She is sympathising, but never inquisitive. Unselfish, she never prates of her self-sacrifices. Her capping virtue is her good nature. In this she is as impregnable as a Gibraltar. Her common sense, too, is well developed. These qualities, sprinkled with a good fund of humour, will

fairly illustrate the character of your comforting woman.

The comforting woman is not all sunshine. She, too, has her little gusts of passion—her little tempests of petulance. But the sun is always shining in her storms, which, in truth, are necessary to a proper appreciation of her character; for, were the aspect of nature perpetually fair, the grass for ever green, and the sky for ever blue, we would become not only insensible to the beauty of creation, but also weary of its dull monotony. So, too, the clouds which now and then darken the comforting woman bring out, in clearer relief, her true character, warning the unwary that there is a limit even to her good nature, and establishing, as it were, a firmer alliance between us, since we are both sensible of each other's shortcomings.

The genus woman has already been differentiated into numerous species. Among these, the comforting woman has certainly a strong presumptive claim to pre-eminence. Your pretty woman may be as sleek as the dove and as soft as the dew; but the serpent is equally sleek and soft, and the faces of both are similarly fascinating and alluring. Your charming woman, in the spring-time of life, when beauty and wit contrive to bathe her in prismatic colours, is certainly not to be slighted. But as age draws on her stock in trade withers; the toothless crone is hardly charming. But the comforting woman holds a life-long sway, spanned by birth and death alone. Age heightens, not dims, her power, for that increases with years. No quality so illumines the aged woman as the feeling of comfort her face reflects, when we see prattling grandchildren on her knees, pulling her now white locks out of all propriety, while the whole household throngs to her side to pour into sympathising ears its pains and pleasures.

The true woman must possess the magic of comfortableness, otherwise her sway dies with her beauty. To realise the aspirations of her own nature, as well as to perform aright the sacred duties of mother, wife, sister, daughter, she must dispense comfort, and thus prove, in the poet's words,—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

—*Jewish Messenger.*

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

No poet of high rank, as far as I know, ever disbelieved in the future. He might fear that there was none; but that very fear is faith. The greatest poet of the present day believes with ardour. That it is not proven to the intellect I heartily admit. But, if it were true, it were such as the intellect could not grasp, for the understanding must be the offspring of the life—in itself essential. How should the intellect understand its own origin and nature? It is too poor to grasp this question; for the continuity of its existence depends on the nature of existence, not upon external relations. If after death we should be conscious that we yet live, we shall even then, I think, be no more able to prove a further continuance of life than we can now prove our present being. It may be easier to believe—that will be all. But we constantly act upon grounds which we cannot prove; and, if we cannot feel so sure of life beyond the grave as of common every-day things, at least the want of proof ought neither to destroy our hope concerning it, nor prevent the action demanded by its bare possibility.

But, last, I do say this, that those men who, disbelieving in a future state, yet do live up to the conscience within them, however much lower the requirements of that conscience may be than those of a conscience which believes itself enlightened from "the Lord who is that spirit," shall enter the other life in an immeasurably more enviable relation thereto than those who say "Lord, Lord," and do not the things he says to them.

It may seem strange that our Lord says so little about the life to come, as we call it; though in truth it is one life with the present, as the leaf and the blossom are one life. Even in argument with the Saducees, he supports his side upon words accepted by them and upon the nature of God, but says nothing of the question from a human point of regard. He seems always to have taken it for granted, ever turning the minds of his scholars toward that which was deeper and lay at its root—the life itself—the omens with God and His will, upon which the continuance of our conscious being follows as a necessity, and without which, if the latter were possible, it would be for human beings an utter evil.

When he speaks of the world beyond, it

is as his Father's house. He says there are many mansions there. He attempts in no way to explain. Man's own imagination, enlightened of the spirit of truth, and working with his experience and affections, was a far safer guide than his intellect with the best schooling which even our Lord could have given it. The memory of the poorest home of a fisherman on the shore of the Galilean lake, where he as a child had spent his years of divine carelessness in his Father's house, would, at the words of our Lord, my Father's house, convey to Peter, or James, or John, more truth concerning the many mansions than a revelation to their intellect, had it been possible, as clear as the Apocalypse itself is obscure.—*George MacDonald.*

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

IN the dim recess of my spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell?
Let not the heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well—
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good but evil still prevails?
Oh! think amidst the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge
fails—
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin! thy deeds of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see?
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee?
God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Art thy tear drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee—
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moans in secret like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's One who sees the end from the beginning!
Thy tear of penitence is unforgotten,
God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts before him!
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal!
God knows it all!



UPPERTHORPE UNITARIAN CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

UPPERTHORPE UNITARIAN
CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

DURING the ministry of the Rev. Brooke Herford, at Sheffield, an example was set to our congregations which cannot be too often followed—the founding of a second church in a different part of the town. It was begun in a little inconvenient room over a stable at St. Philip's, a new and increasing quarter of Sheffield, in January, 1859. Four of the best workers of the Upper Chapel Schools, at the request of the minister, consented to be drafted off to form the nucleus of the working staff, and aided by the local preachers, and by the Rev. M. A. Moon, of Stannington, and Rev. Brooke Herford, the services were kept up for a year. Then progress had been made sufficient to justify the appointment of a minister—Rev. J. Page Hopps, his first Unitarian settlement, settled early in 1860. Soon the room became too large, and a plot of ground was taken a little way off, where, in Oct. 15, 1860, the corner stone of a handsome chapel was laid by Miss Lydia Urith Shore, of Meersbrook, who said, "My friends, I feel it to be a great privilege to be called upon to aid in the erection of a church to be dedicated to the worship of God, to the honour and reverence of our Saviour, and the promotion of Christian truth. May God enlighten both preachers and hearers to know the truth, and knowing it to follow it." This chapel was opened under the ministry of the Rev. J. P. Hopps, on July 17, 1861, and a fine school was soon afterwards added. Mr. Hopps was succeeded in 1863 by Mr. Thomas Willicott, and in 1867 by Mr. J. B. Gardner, both of whom have since left the ministry. In 1869 the present minister, Rev. George Knight, succeeded, and is doing very well indeed. The friends at this Chapel have stuck to the cause nobly from the beginning. The building is a handsome and commodious Gothic structure, of the early English style, capable of accommodating about five hundred people. The seats are of stained oak, low, and all open. A gallery runs across the end, over the entrance door, and at the opposite end is a recess gallery for the choir, in which a small organ has been placed. Instead of the ordinary pulpit, there is an enclosed platform. The general appearance of the building is elegant and chaste, and cost £1500.

OUR UNITARIAN FATHERS.

BARON MASERES.

A SIGNAL and valuable service may yet be rendered to our cause by placing before the young the names and virtues of men and women who have held our faith in years gone by. So we introduce to our readers Francis Maseres, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, who was born in London, 15th December, 1731, of a family which was originally French, but settled here on the revolution of the Edict of Nantes. His grandfather was one of five brothers, who were unequally divided, when the call was made on them for an avowal of their religious principles, three of them adhering to the Protestant faith, the other two, the head of the family and the physician, quitting it for the doctrines established by law; and what is remarkable, the three who thus distinguished themselves by their faithfulness to truth were officers in the French army. The baron's grandfather was well received by William the Third, served under him in Ireland, and was employed by him in important services in Portugal; but he attained no higher rank than that of colonel.

Francis Maseres, the subject of the present article, was educated at the University of Cambridge, where he became Fellow of Clare Hall. From the University he removed to the Temple, where in due course he was called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit. His first appointment was that of Attorney-General of Quebec, where he distinguished himself by his loyalty during the American contest, and his zeal for the interests of the province. On his return to England he was made Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer in August, 1773, which office he filled with great credit till his death.

He published many books both upon historical and mathematical subjects. His great work, the "Scriptores Logarithmici," is of a nature from which no pecuniary advantage was to be expected; but his liberality in presenting copies of it to various public bodies, as well as to many individuals, was such that, in the long run, he even lost money by the publication of the work. But he never regarded expense either as to his own works or those which he patronised of others, and he was ever ready to assist authors whose works he

deemed worthy of being submitted to the public. In such cases it was common with him to take upon himself the whole expense of printing, either leaving the author to repay him when it suited his convenience, or, in some cases, without asking repayment. In one case he advanced fifteen hundred pounds, of which he did not receive a farthing in return for nearly twenty years. But perhaps there never was a man less attentive to the accumulation of property, and yet at his death he possessed more than he was aware of. His only guide in this matter was his banker's book, and, after defraying the expenses of his chambers and his houses, and the generally heavy article of printing for himself and others, the surplus of his income was invested in the Three per Cents., without regard to price, and he thought no more of the matter. His great delight was to have three or four friends with him, where every subject of science, literature, and all the common topics of the day were discussed freely. When his faculties were in full vigour his conversation was replete with anecdote and information. No one was better acquainted with the history of his country from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the time in which he lived; and when this was mentioned to him he would attribute it to the task he set himself in early life, to read with the greatest attention Rapin's History, and to make use of the authorities referred to in that work. The period between 1640 and 1660, the time of the great rebellion, was particularly impressed on his mind. In his latter days this was remarkably observed; for though passing events left no impression on his mind—so that in the evening he had often forgot that he had had a dinner party—yet, by leading his memory back to a distant period, it seemed to renew his youthful powers. Few possessed in so high a degree a knowledge of the laws of England, considered as a science; and in questions of great moment the members of both Houses of Parliament have often availed themselves of his judgment and superior information.

His religious creed was contained in a very simple compass, and his surviving friends will never forget the solemn manner in which he used to introduce it. "There are three creeds," he would say, "that

are generally acknowledged in the Christian world, contradictory in many respects to each other, and two of them composed by nobody knows whom and nobody knows where. My creed is derived from my Saviour, and the time when and the manner in which it was uttered give it a title to pre-eminence. A few hours before his death, in an address to his Father, Christ says:—*This is eternal life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.*' This is my creed, and happy would it be for the Christian world if it had been content with it, and never laid down any other articles for a common faith." Hence almost all the disputes which set Christians at variance with each other, and which arise chiefly from scholastic terms misunderstood and misapplied, might well (Baron Maseres held) be left to the consideration of the learned; for he remembered that the Gospel was proclaimed to the poor originally, and was never intended to die away into mere food for controversies in the pulpit. Under the influence of this creed he was animated with a sincere piety towards his Maker, whom he served as a kind and benevolent Father, and with unfeigned charity for all his fellow-creatures, whom he considered as equal objects of the love and care of the Great Supreme.

Of the intellectual attainments of the baron, his scientific writings and professional position are sufficient proofs. His private excellences were known only to a narrower circle, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, his inflexible integrity, the equanimity of his temper, and his sincere piety long survived in the memory of his friends. Not a particle of pride entered into his composition, and a dogmatising spirit was his aversion. In this respect he was a complete contrast to the celebrated Dr. Johnson. Their printer brought the two authors together at his house to spend the evening, when the doctor spoke with his usual bigotry against Hume and Voltaire, and so disgusted the baron that he declared he would never willingly be again in that man's company, and they never met afterwards. On the equanimity of his temper a celebrated chess player used to say of the baron, who was very fond of that game, that he was the only person he knew from whose countenance it could not be found out whether he had won

or lost the game. Long before his death he earnestly wished to depart, feeling no fear of that which he regarded as only the change to a better life.

This venerable man died 19th May, 1824, in his ninety-third year. Our good Lindsey, who knew him for thirty years, declared him to be "one whose liberal, benevolent, and generous labours were constantly exerted in various ways to benefit mankind, and to promote the cause of true religion and virtue."

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

"This is pleasant!" exclaimed a young husband, taking his seat in the rocking-chair as the supper things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate revealed a pretty and neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating—the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he observed, complimentarily; but he felt a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come to see *us*, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days; we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted Esther.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for, for you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable. I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked; we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther, emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," said he, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get one of the new kind of lamps? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, pettishly.

"These are very pretty lamps," said her husband. "The prettiest of the kind I ever saw."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a lamp of the new style," said Esther sharply. "They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans and many others I might mention, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"We ought not to take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther."

"I am sure you can afford it as well as the Morgans and Thorns; we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried, angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said his wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's rooms, we want a piano and fashionable lamps."

"We want—we want," muttered the husband; "there's no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities? Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home, expenses to answer the demands of fashion and what people will think.

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence, and cheerfulness when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extra-

vagance and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influences which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with; adorn your house with all that will make it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comfort and refinement of social life, then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil or self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have; neither let them hold the string of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

MORNING HYMN.

LIKE this sweet sunshine let Thy love
Shine down on me to-day.
Shelter my soul, thou brooding Dove,
Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness in the earth,
No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,
And look me through and through,
Till every wish owns thy control,
And every thought is true.

As earth turns blossoming toward the sun,
So seeks my soul Thy light.
This day be Heaven in me begun,
Where there is no more night!

A MODERN "ATONEMENT."

IN Mr. Bush's interesting book of Siberian travel, called "Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes," we find at the 427th page the following interesting and instructive passage:—

"One incident of an old Tchutchu chief, who lived years ago, was told me by an old Chuansee, and is worth recording among the noblest deeds of mankind. It smacks of true Spartan heroism.

"It was during the prevalence of the small-pox, cholera, or one of those epidemics that have proven so disastrous to mankind the world over. The Tchutchus were dying off very rapidly, and the shamans, or priests, all over the country were employed night and day trying to appease the wrath of the great evil spirit. Dogs were sacrificed by the score, and the snow was reddened by their blood about every habitation; but death was king, and its ravages increased daily. Failing in all their incantations, the shamans assembled from all parts of the country, and held a grand consultation to decide upon the next step to be taken. They decided that the Great Spirit was very much wroth, and that nothing but more and continued sacrifices would appease him. Again the blood flowed in streams; hundreds of deer were led to the altar to be slain. From morning to night, day after day, the settlements resounded with the noise of drums, and the shrieking and howling of the madmen. But this did not suffice. Their great tribe was melting away like the snow in spring, and soon there would be none left to relate their sufferings to posterity. At this stage the shamans again held a consultation, and, after a long and solemn deliberation, decided that nothing short of the death of the old chief would propitiate the evil spirit. Their word was law, and the edict fell like a thunderbolt upon the tribe. The old chief was loved by all, and many offered to be sacrificed in his stead, but the wise doctors said no other sacrifice would be sufficient atonement. Then the tribe resolved to be swept away by the epidemic rather than pay the price demanded for their safety. At this stage the old chief assembled his people together, and begged them to accept his life, which he would willingly give for their welfare, but no one could be found who would make the fatal thrust. Then the old chief

called his only son to him, a mere lad, and handing him his own spear, placed the point opposite his heart, and commanded the boy to thrust. This he refused to do until threatened by his father's curse, when the stroke was made, and a wail arose throughout the whole land. Shortly afterwards the epidemic subsided, which, of course, was attributed to the death of the old chief."

Nothing can well be more touching, and few things more sublime, than this authentic incident. Everybody must see how wonderfully it matches, so far as small things can compare with great ones, the popular scheme of "the atonement," and we can well understand how skilfully and eloquently a receiver of this immensely accepted dogma of the church would use this incident as an illustration of the universality of the feeling in human nature that God is appeased only by bloody sacrifices, and that the principle of vicariousness, or the acceptance of the sufferings and death of the innocent in place of the guilty, is provided for in the fundamental feelings of humanity. We are not in the least disposed to deny the wide spread of the idea. It is only the inferences drawn from it that we should dispute. We should be compelled to turn the whole argument round. We have no doubt that the erroneous and superstitious feeling exhibited by the tribe and by the noble chief, and partaken by so many savage and barbarous people, is the origin of the Church dogma of the atonement, and that is just as mistaken and just as superstitious as the bloody sacrifice exacted by the fears and ignorance of most savages. They are all founded upon what seems to be the elementary form of the religious sentiment, namely, a feeling of fear towards gods supposed to be jealous, angry, vindictive, and cruel. It is certain that dread of the enmity of the gods is vastly more active even than a desire for their favour in all crude intelligences. No idea of the justice or mercy or holiness of the supernal powers seems to have had any existence in this Siberian tribe. That for some unknown reason the gods had visited them with pestilence they felt, and their shamans or priests had advised them to sacrifice freely of their most precious wealth, their reindeer, to appease their wrath. The pestilence not abating, the

shamans suggested the expedient of humbling themselves before the angry power by sacrificing their beloved chief. They nobly refused safety upon such terms, and it is an honour to their rude humanity that they prefer to die in a body to taking the life of their best earthly friend. But the chief is not to be outdone in magnanimity. He insists upon offering himself to the unappeased deities, and finally by threatening his son with his curse if he refuses to pierce him with a spear, falls beneath the blow he had compelled him to aim at his very heart.

Is there not a profound lesson here for that fanatical extravagance which would make Christ's death the chief evidence of his divine goodness, and which considers his willingness to die for the people as the most superhuman act of his life? Here is a barbarous chief, who compels his own son to put his father, himself innocent of all offence, to a violent death to save his people merely from the spread of a pestilence. The Church represents God as entering into a plan of salvation which makes Him—a Father—acquiesce in, if it is not more just to say enforce, the death of His own innocent son to appease His own anger with His human offspring, and enable Him to withdraw an eternal curse from their hereditary misfortune. If we feel that the poor chief's son would have shown himself a nobler creature to have died cursed by his father sooner than have driven that spear into his generous heart, how must we feel towards an Infinite Father who allows himself to accept the self-sacrifice of His spotless and only Son to obviate a metaphysical or legal difficulty in the administration of His government? It is not Christ's death which makes the trouble for lovers of justice and mercy; it is the human reasons which superstition and fear have allowed themselves to give for the death of Christ. Christ's death was a holy, lovely, and most affecting sacrifice; as much sweeter and more subduing than the death of ordinary martyrs as his character and precepts are more exalted and divine. But that God required it or accepted it as a bloody propitiation we hold to be just as senseless and superstitious as the Siberian tribe's feeling that the abatement of the pestilence was due to the noble chief's self-immolation. When will the world learn that God is not a

cruel, capricious tyrant or an awful heathen fate? When will Christ be suffered to teach the world that God is love; mercy and justice are equally active in his loving holiness, and that there is nothing in Him which requires anything but repentance, and a godly sorrow for sin to turn his worst enemies into beloved children? The glorious old chief threw away his life upon a vain and dreadful misconception of God. He himself was infinitely nobler than the god he grovelled in the dust to keep from censuring his people. Shall we dare much longer to make man more just than God, more merciful and lovable than his Maker? Yet millions of Christians have really been obliged to make a God for themselves, because they could not love and adore the only living and true God. They have turned away from the cruel, bloodthirsty, vindictive, merciless being they have represented the God of the Universe to be, to worship Jesus, simply because he is more merciful, tender, and loving than the Father. Nay, God himself is almost abolished by this unintentional idolatry of Jesus. He is the real God of the Methodist camp meeting, of the emotional and sentimental faith of modern Christians. The Infinite Father, his God and ours, might almost as well not be, considering the neglect, the apathy, the infrequency with which his name and praise are said, or the secondary or vastly inferior place He holds in the real prayers and hearts of His children. It is this half-heathen heritage of the Church atonement, a doctrine unknown to the evangelists, and dragged into the Church mainly from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the work of an unknown writer, that has originated and still perpetuates this high and sad offence against reason, conscience, and humanity. Let the lesson of the Siberian chief's self-sacrifice be carefully considered and fairly compared with that of the Captain of our Salvation, and it will be found that the ignorance and superstition of his tribe are paralleled by the feelings of millions of people calling themselves enlightened Christians, and still thinking God to be, as they love to term him, "a consuming fire."—*Liberal Christian*.

[“Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God and he will abundantly pardon.”—Isaiah.]

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

A FEW weeks ago one of our Unitarian Ministers, of our American Churches, passed away in a ripe old age—we refer to the Rev. Samuel J. May, one of the most remarkable and useful men of the present age. Many anecdotes are now going the round of the press concerning Mr. May, and we transfer the following deeply interesting narrative to our pages:—

“In early life, says a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, he was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Connecticut, and rode in a one-horse chaise about the country. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbour not to go alone, as footpads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and, when a few miles out of the village he saw a man jump over a low fence out of a thick wood, he said to himself, ‘Mine enemy is upon me.’ When he overtook the man he stopped and said, cheerily, ‘Good morning, my friend; I have an empty seat—will you not share it with me?’ They had a long ride and a long talk, Mr. May giving his passenger a great deal of good moral advice by the way. As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination he said: ‘I am a minister and shall preach in the next village to-morrow, and, if you would like to hear me, I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you.’ The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle said he would like to speak with Mr. May a few moments. When alone he grasped Mr. May's hand, looked him squarely in the face, and said: ‘I must not part with you without confessing that when I sprang into the road I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, your watch and coat, and escape.’ ‘O, yes,’ said Mr. May, pleasantly, ‘I knew that. I was warned against footpads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me.’ ‘You are a noble, brave, Christian man,’ said the robber, with great feeling. ‘Your counsel to-day has sunk deep into my heart, and I hereby promise you solemnly that I will henceforth lead a temperate and blameless life.’ The promise was kept. There had been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years when Mr. May told

us the story. No one but their Maker knew their secret. The repentant man prospered, and, if he is living, will but add one more to the thousands who weep for his benefactor."

TESTIMONIES ABOUT AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

FROM DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMEN.

WE sincerely wish our Unitarian brethren were not so backward in the movement to place all Churches on a footing of equality. It was not so in the days of Priestley, for he and his friends lifted up their voice, with a distinctness it is still refreshing to read, against politically-established religion. It may possibly help our friends to the right course to know the opinions of leading members and ministers of the State Church on this matter, so we subjoin a few words:—

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

"I cannot shut my eyes to the possibility of a great change coming, sooner or later, over the status of the Church of England. . . . Looking to that which is possible, and which many thoughtful persons deem probable, I regard it as highly desirable that we should accustom ourselves to a kind of action which, in the case of a disestablished Church, becomes an absolute necessity. Is it well to practise swimming before the craft becomes a wreck."

BISHOP OF ELY.

"The theory was that Church and State were virtually one body with two aspects—the Church in its spiritual, the State in its temporal form. This theory of the ancient constitution has broken down, and it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to rear up another in its room."

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

"The State and the Church might be separated, and still the Church would remain in all her integrity and majesty, and unshorn of her vitality or strength."

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

"Whether they looked at the state of public opinion in the Church, and the desire very generally felt among the clergy, and a considerable portion of the laity, to have the opportunity of discussing Church matters, or whether they considered the weakened hold which the Church had upon the State, and the possibility of an entire separation of Church and State at no dis-

tant period; should it be in the decrees of Almighty God that the Church should, in this country, be separated from the State, his hope was that such meetings would have been educating our people and fitting them to go along, and preparing them for more weighty legislative functions which would then devolve upon them."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

"They had instances in neighbouring nations of the disturbance of Church and State—he meant the destruction of those ties which bound sacred and State things together, and it was one of the best things that they could do to put their house in order, and then when the shock came—they were two very ugly words, disendowment and disestablishment—they would be prepared to march out, not as a disorderly rabble."

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

"He could not conceal from himself that the Church of England was passing through troublous times. He referred to the disestablishment—which he supposed would be accompanied, in a greater or less degree, with the disendowment—of the Church of England."

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

"It was really quite pitiful to him to hear men on both sides of the Church say, 'If this law is passed I shall go in for disestablishment.' Their Church could not exist, with all the assaults upon her from without, unless there was unity, and increasing unity, amongst her children. 'A house that is divided against itself cannot stand.'"

THE LATE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

"The reformation of the Church by the State is a mere chimera. It might be thrown out for half a generation to play with, and might thus stop the way of the inevitable for a time; but to the old complexion things would come again; the next term in the free national development would have to be found. And that next term is the severance of the Church from the State. Whether years or decades of years be taken for the accomplishment of this—however it may be deprecated, and however opposed—accomplished it will certainly be. History has for ages been preparing its way; in past changes it has been conceded over and over again; God's arm is thrusting it on, and man's power cannot keep it back."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HINTS FOR PUPILS.—Professor Davies, the mathematician, gives the following rules of study: (1) Learn one thing at a time. (2) Learn that thing well. (3) Learn its connections, so far as possible, with all other things. (4) To know everything about something is better than to know something about everything.

THE SIGHERS.—A new Russian sect, that of the Sighers, has just been formed at Kalouga. This sect believes that the time has now come which was foretold by the prophet, when there should be no true Church on earth, and when all that men can do is to send up their sighs to heaven and pray for salvation. The "Sighers" have no churches, priests, or religious ceremonies of any kind.

PREFERMENT.—Among the daily inquirers after the health of an aged bishop, during his indisposition, no one was more sedulously punctual than the Bishop of —; and the invalid seemed to think that other motives than that of anxious kindness might contribute to this solicitude. One morning he ordered the messenger to be shown into the room, and thus addressed him: "Be so good as to present my compliments to my lord bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better, but that the Bishop of Worcester has got a sore throat, arising from a bad cold, *if that will do.*"

SING AWAY YOUR TROUBLE.—Oh, that we could put songs under our burdens! Oh, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song. Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come go at them with songs. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares, praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people upon earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

FALSE MORALITY.—Said the Rev. Sydney Smith, when Canon of St. Paul's:—"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use? Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and if she has five grains of common-sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

NEXT TO GODLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling in which none of the decencies of life are observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of others; and the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal.

RELIGIOUS DIGNITY.—The *Advance* asserts that "a great deal of our religion is simple starch, and we dignify it with the name of sanctity!" Can this be the reason why we hear so much about stiff orthodoxy?

A JEW'S CHALLENGE.—Rev. Dr. Wise, editor of the *Israelite*, of Cincinnati, offers Rev. W. C. McCune, the evangelical gladiator, a handsome premium if he will prove by the New Testament that Jesus Christ is God. We hope Mr. McCune may accept the challenge, and if his zeal for souls is as great as supposed, we may expect ere long a complete demonstration of his assumption; or an honourable acknowledgment of his failure.

HOW ADAM FELL.—In a small village resides a clergyman who is the pastor of a small flock who esteem him highly, and whom he is fond of catechising. A few days since, while taking a ramble through the village, he stopped at the house of one of his parishioners, and after the usual salutations had been exchanged, the conversation ran as follows:—"Well, Mrs. W., can you tell me how Adam fell?" The lady commenced to smile audibly, and finally replied, "Why, my dear doctor you're not serious?" "Very serious indeed," responded the doctor. Mrs. W., whose husband's name happens to be Adam; replied: "Well, well, you have it, doctor. You see, Adam went to climb over the fence the other night to go to Deacon M—s for a bottle of whiskey, when an oar lying on the ground took his foot. Over Adam fell, and barked his shin; and that's the whole truth of the matter."

SECTARIANISM.—Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod says:—"There is a great deal of cant and nonsense talked about sectarianism. It is often imagined that, if a man is fond of his church, he is a sectarian. You might say a man is sectarian if he likes his own house and family better than any other in the same street. The man I call sectarian is the man who is not contented with the blessings of number one in the street, but who is always throwing stones or mud at number two; who is not content with his own wife and family, but talks and gossips about another man's family. Give me the man who has honest, earnest conviction about his own church, and I extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Love your church and do all you can for it; but try and imagine, at the same time, that other men are as conscientious as you are, and give them the right hand of fellowship when they do all they can for the church."

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